

# :- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Marjorie's Night Letter  
BY CATHERINE GRAMMER.

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MARJORIE arrived in the Middle-Western city on a hot August afternoon. She had thought that New York could get hot until she walked across the streets of this overgrown young city and felt the blistering heat of the tar that oozed from the wooden blocks used as street paving. She regretted having decided to stop even a few hours there on her way to the Rocky Mountains. Roger Davis, her first sweetheart, had gone to this city five years before to practice law, and Marjorie had given him her promise not to become engaged to another until Roger's first year's work either proved or disproved his professional mettle. The promise had been easy, but a gay social season and a trip to Paris and European watering places the next summer dimmed the memory of Roger, and her letters gave him so much evidence of her growing indifference that he refrained from pressing his suit; lest the indifference change to dislike. But that was where he erred, for the following winter in New York produced so many attractions that the distant Roger was entirely dislodged from his insecure position in Marjorie's regard.

As her train sped across the harvest fields of the Middle West, and drew near to the city where Roger lived, Marjorie began to feel a desire to see this place, which she felt, must embody some of the honest energy so characteristic of Roger. As she crossed the street in the shopping district, however, the hot tar almost melted her sentiment about the city. She went into a department store to avoid the heat outside. As she entered an elevator to go to the tea room on the top floor, two young girls in smartly-tailored linen suits proceeded her.

"She must possess some hidden charm beside that lovely country place tucked away among the elms," said one girl, with a smile.

"Hidden? Not at all. At least not hidden from Roger Davis, who has been the family lawyer for two years, with every chance to know the financial charms of the only daughter. It's no wonder if they were." The speaker was obviously proud of her blase speech and manner.

"Mew!" said the first girl, with a pretty grimace. "But aren't we catty about this little romance?"

"Aren't we, really?" agreed her companion. "But a good salad and some ice tea will set us to purring. Let's get that table by the window."

The speakers passed on, but Marjorie abruptly re-entered the elevator. She felt an unreasoning resentment toward those girls for having jarred in upon her reminiscences with the intimation that Roger was about to wed some unattractive girl for her money.

Leaving the department store, she crossed the street and entered a bank to have a traveler's check cashed. As she stood in a line of several waiting patrons she made a mental note of that bank's similarity to so many others in the preciseness of its rows of shiny mahogany cases, the whiteness of its marble floor and the suavity of its liveried floor attendants. As she left the window after receiving her money,

## NOVEL EFFECTS IN MUFFS AND SCARFS



SOMETHING NEW IN FURS for smart wear. At left: Muff and scarf of mink and brown trimmed with ermine. The hat is made of black velvet and trimmed with ermine. The other design is the very latest Jeanne model of mink, skin trimmed with ermine. The hat is made of black velvet and trimmed with ermine.

ey, she became conscious that a man was standing near her, with his hat in his hand. Almost simultaneously there came a familiar voice in her ear.

"Marjorie!" exclaimed the man, and a queer, tremulous sensation took possession of her as she looked into the honest gray eyes of Roger Davis and felt the pressure of his strong hand.

"Roger!" she said, weakly, like an echo of his own greeting. "You're remarkably unchanged," he said, and almost unconsciously he added, "in looks."

Marjorie looked at the firm lines about his mouth, at the sprinkling of gray at his temples and at the smiling frankness of his eyes.

"You are both changed and unchanged, I think," she said.

Little polished doors gilded into place back of the shiny window cages and a general exodus of patrons indicated the bank's closing hour had come.

"I'm wondering what luck has brought you here," said Roger, as they moved toward the door.

"It wasn't luck, it was—well, really, I hardly know," said Marjorie. "I

merely stopped for a glimpse of this city. But tell me how you manage to live in this terrific heat?"

"And this from a New Yorker?" Roger shook his head ruefully. "But come with me and I'll show you the city's beauty spots and the loveliness of its environs. How long will you be here?"

"Until 8 o'clock this evening." "We'll have just time to end our sightseeing trip with dinner at the Country Club. Come!" said Roger enthusiastically.

At the curb they entered his dark gray roadster and for two hours glided through shady residence streets and pretty little parkways and out along a country roadway for many miles. Marjorie forgot the heat of the city and she forgot the disagreeable words she had heard in the department store elevator until reminded of them by Roger.

"That house on the hillside over there is the Elms, the home of Miss Andrews, a client of mine," he said, and immediately Marjorie knew that the lovely, rambling house almost hidden by great elms belonged to the plain but wealthy girl referred to in that conversation in the elevator. And immediately she felt resentful toward Miss Andrews and angry at Roger for being enticed by her money.

"Is she as lovely as her home?" asked Marjorie, and the sarcasm in her voice made Roger wince. His reply was curt.

"She is lovelier than many suppose who see only her appearance without knowing of her sterling traits."

It was so, then, thought Marjorie. He was even trying to justify himself for pretending to like the plain girl. Marjorie abruptly changed the subject, determined to invite no further confidences. These hours with Roger had made her yearn for a return of their former close friendship, and perhaps for even more than that. She felt insanely jealous of the girl who made that impossible and felt singing remorse for her own part in breaking up that friendship. But she resolved to make the most of her last hour with him and to be a royal loser. During the remainder of their drive and during their dinner on the Country Club Roger seemed to forget any ties which might bind him to another.

They had to take chances with a motor car to make Marjorie's train. As they hurried through the station Roger secured the evening newspapers from an alert newsboy. He gave the papers to Marjorie when he had seen her seated in her section of the sleeper. A headline on the outside page caught Marjorie's eye.

"Is that the Miss Andrews whose home we passed?" She pointed to the



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are the three remaining days in which to secure these exclusive New York Styles, after which all unsold garments are returned, as we have the right to keep them for one week only. Step in and try some on today!

## :- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"We will have to get along without Madden this afternoon, Lawton," said the stage manager when Mr. Lawton returned from his luncheon.

"She said she would be well enough to go over her scenes with you, however, and asked me to tell you to come up to her apartment."

"I have another engagement," said Ernest Lawton shortly, an ugly frown spreading over his features.

"Margie, I wonder if other women live their lives by their great moments. I do not remember much of my routine work in the theatre, but certain episodes stand out so big that they seem to swallow up all the other."

I am sure that other girls have had the same problems to solve. Some of them perhaps have had stronger characters than I, and so their troubles do not loom as big, others also go down before the great first love like that which came to me during my first stage engagement.

"You see, I was young, romantic and alone. Ernest Lawton was a man who would appeal to any girl. He had wonderful dark eyes that seemed to tell more than his lips dared to utter. Even on the detonation of his voice was a caress."

"He was handsome, distinguished and I was very proud to be seen at the restaurants and theatres with him. I sent to the storehouse for my clothes that I had put there when I had first started out to work after my mother's death, because I wanted him to be as proud of me as I was of him."

"I did not know at that time I was deeply in love with Ernest Lawton. I did not realize at that time that I was thinking of him every waking moment, that almost every waking moment was spent in his company."

"Since that first day I had eaten almost all my luncheons and dinners with him. I did not realize how unconventional it was, neither did I know the whole town was talking of Ernest Lawton's 'new sweetheart.' I was living in a paradise made up of congenial work and great love."

"I know that the entire theatrical profession that knew Lawton thought I also knew his colossal egotism, and that I was deliberately sacrificing my reputation for the chance of making good as an actress."

"There was a woman in our company who had frankly given herself to a man who could help her attain her ends. She came to me one day and said, 'I am glad to see you, that you are letting nothing stand between you and success in your chosen profession. You are a clever girl, my dear, but don't let your heart become inter-

ested in Ernest Lawton, for if you do he will use you as he used poor Mary Madden."

"I know my face must have surprised her, for I was genuinely shocked. 'What do you mean?' I asked."

"Why, my child, it can't be possible you don't know that for years Mary Madden has given everything she has to give, including her great talent as an actress, to Ernest Lawton, and that the whole town is talking about how he has thrown her over for you, and that she is being tortured by the sight of you two together day after day."

"Surely, Miss Lane," I said, "you do not think I am so foolish as that do you? You must realize that I have not had time yet to acquire the gossip of the profession. I would not hurt Miss Madden for the world and I am sure that Mr. Lawton would not do so either."

"Mr. Lawton and I are the very best of friends and nothing more."

"As I said that, Margie, I knew as far as I was concerned it was a lie, for I suddenly realized I was in love with Ernest Lawton, and my heart was filled with pity for myself as well as Mary Madden, for I could not think for a moment that as popular a man as Ernest Lawton could be in love with little unsophisticated me."

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announcement of the heiress' engagement to an Eastern man, and waited eagerly for Roger's reply.

"The very one," said Roger, scanning the item, "and the man she is to marry is a brick."

"Then it wasn't true what they said?" The train men were hurrying back and forth in a way that made Marjorie know she might start at any moment and she felt she must know that this was not true of Roger.

"What wasn't true, dear?" Roger caught the eagerness of her voice and took her hand in his. Outside a deep voice called "All aboard!"

"That you are going to marry her for her money," with quick emphasis.

"You ought to know that I'm going to marry no girl for money, and only one for love," said Roger, and the miserable train began to creak and sway.

"Oh, then it was luck, after all, that brought me here!" said Marjorie, breathlessly. "But hurry, dear, or you'll be hurt getting off!"

"I'll not hurry until you tell me whether it was luck or love that brought you here," Roger smiled defiantly into her eyes.

"It was love, dear; but please hurry."

Some of the lightness of his heart seemed lent to his feet, for he sprang easily from the rapidly moving train and called back to Marjorie: "I'll say the rest, or part of it, in a night letter that will reach you at breakfast."

Poker and Politics. Poker is different from politics. When you are asked "What have you got?" in poker, you can't "refuse to answer hypothetical questions."—Philadelphia Record.

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## HEALTH HINTS

There is serious danger in certain occupations to the health of the nation's young.

A member of the U. S. public health service has just made a study of children working in cotton mills in Massachusetts. He investigated 600 boys between the ages of 14 and 18 employed in the cotton manufacturing industry. Here is what he found:

"A considerable proportion of the younger boys and also of those over 16 were undersized and physically undeveloped for their ages, while those between 15 and 16 averaged larger than other classes of boys of their age with which comparisons were made."

"This fact is explained by the accumulation in the mills of strong boys, boys waiting to reach the age of 16 to go into permanent 'full time' occupations."

"The presence of a noteworthy proportion of undersized boys is not ascribed to the effects of the occupations, but to the fact that the cotton mill offers one of few chances of employment for undersized boys."

"Evidence of injurious effects of their work or working conditions, even of the temperature and humidity of the mills, on normal boys was seldom found, although further investigations of possible effects of atmospheric conditions is recommended."

"Probably as a result of the state regulations relative to the issuance of employment certificates comparatively few cases of contagious diseases were discovered."

"There was, however, a wide variety

of defective conditions disclosed by the investigation, many of them of such character as to impair seriously the future health and economic usefulness of the individuals concerned if not remedied."

It was also brought out that in Massachusetts boys between 14 and 18 do not remain long in the cotton mills. This fact and the strict regulations of the state government the employment of minors may not make some of the conclusions equally true elsewhere.

## HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED

B. H. G.—"My children are developing severe cases of constipation, like mine. Is constipation inheritable?"

Constipation is not inherited. If your family has constipation the household diet probably needs changing. Eat simple foods, including fruits. Figs will help you. Also eat bran bread. If this does not end the condition, use agar, which you can buy at any drug store.

World's Debt to the Unsatisfied. Those who are quite satisfied still and do nothing; those who are not quite satisfied are the sole benefactors of the world.—Landor.

Age-Old Justice. The Spider—I was the first person to swat flies in my parlor, yet every one called me cruel.

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TO ACCEPT WAS THE MAIN THOUGHT IN OLIVIA'S MIND.)—BY ALLMAN.

